

2012年6月16日

ディケンズフェローシップ日本支部 春季大会

『ドンビー父子』における園芸のイメージと nature vs nurture 問題

三宅 敦子

1. Mr Dombey is no railway magnate, however, and Dickens will keep clear of the contemporary 'Railway Mania' (frantic trading in railway stocks and shares) in the new story, apart from making a comic allusion to it in the naming of Stagg's Gardens, 'stag' being Stock Exchange slang for a speculator who buys heavily on a new share issue in anticipation of a rise in its price and hence the chance of a quick profit.

(下線部は筆者、以下同様)

(Slater, Michael. *Charles Dickens*. New Haven & London: Yale UP, 2011. Pp.250-251)

2. In fact, Doctor Blimber's establishment was a great hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time. Mental green peas were produced at Christmas, and intellectual asparagus all the year round. Mathematical gooseberries (very sour ones too) were common at untimely seasons, and from mere sprouts of bushes, under Doctor Blimber's cultivation. Every description of Greek and Latin vegetable was got off the driest twigs of boys, under the frostiest circumstances. Nature was of no consequence at all.

(Dickens, Charles. *Dombey and Son*. Ed. Valerie Purton. London: J.M.Dent, 1997. P. 139)

3. The increased use of glass, seen in the glamorous conservatories and palm houses, had a huge impact on the kitchen garden. . . . John Abercrombie had coined the words 'hothouse' and 'vinery' in the late eighteenth century and had already listed 105 tropical plants that could be grown under glass, and had used them for forcing early fruit and vegetables: new potatoes in March, strawberries in winter.

(Uglow, Jenny. *A Little History of British Gardening*. London: Chatto & Windus, 2004. P.240)

4. To Thomas Beard, [ 17 October 1845 ]

My Dear Beard. On five minutes notice, I am obliged to go into Derbyshire<sup>7</sup>, on matters of great moment connected with my scheme.

<sup>7</sup> To see Joseph Paxton at Chatsworth, almost certainly to learn more about the detailed financial arrangements for the paper (Paxton being the chief backer) than Bradbury & Evans felt willing to tell him without Paxton's authority. Without a clear idea of the funds available CD could not start engaging staff.

(The Pilgrim Edition *The Letters of Charles Dickens*. Vol. 4, Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1977 書簡は以下も同様)

5. To Thomas Mitton, 20 October 1845

My Dear Mitton. I went down to Chatsworth myself, on Saturday – left here at 12 noon – got there at 1/2 past 9 at night – left there again at 3 o'clock next morning – and

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reached home at half past one yesterday afternoon. H. [George Hudson] is with us in influence though not as a proprietor. Paxton has command of every railway and railway influence in England and abroad except the Great Western; and he is in it, heart and purse.

6. *To* Thomas Beard, 4 November 1845

My Dear Beard. There was a failure of a Great Broker in the City last night, which so affects two of my principal people<sup>5</sup> that the Paper *cannot be*, on any proper footing.

<sup>5</sup> Clearly, Paxton and the “Birmingham man” (see *To* Mitton, 20 Oct and *fn*).

7. *To* Miss Burdett Coutts, 22 April 1846

... , I have conceived the idea of going to Switzerland for a year. Firstly, because I am most desirous to separate myself in a marked way from the Daily News (with which I have long since ceased to have any connexion, and in connecting myself with which at all, I have no doubt I made a mistake). Secondly, because I have a long book to write, which I could write better in retirement.

8. *To* Miss Burdett Coutts, 5 October 1846

The locality you suggest is a central and good one. But you would require to have a place attached, for exercise. Have you thought of that? The cultivation of little gardens, if they be no bigger than graves, is a great resource and a great reward. It has always been found to be productive of good effects wherever it has been tried; and I earnestly hope you will be able to make it a part of your training.

9. *To* Miss Burdett Coutts, 23 May 1847

It [The house] is on the Acton Road. Less than two miles, I should say, from Hyde Park in Oxford Street. I have not the particulars here, but it may be got, I think for sixty or sixty five pounds a year, on lease for 7, 14, or 21 years. It is retired, but cheerful. There is a garden, and a little Lawn. The taxes are very low.

10. *To* Miss Burdett Coutts, 27 June 1847

May I impress upon you, that it would be an immense thing for the Institution, to begin before it is Winter weather, and while the garden is green and sunny.

11. *To* Miss Burdett Coutts, 3 November 1847

In their living room I have put up two little inscriptions selected from the sermons of Jeremy Taylor and Barrow<sup>3</sup> – both very simple and beautiful in themselves, and remarkably appropriate (as I hope you will think) to the purpose. Also a little

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inscription of my own, referring to the advantages of order, punctuality, and good temper; and another setting forth the Saviour's exposition of our duty towards God, and our duty towards our neighbour. In each bedroom is another Inscription, admonishing them against every lying down to rest, without being affectionate and reconciled among themselves.

<sup>3</sup> Isaac Barrow; and Jeremy Taylor, 17<sup>th</sup> century divines; *Beauties of Jeremy Taylor* was in the Gad's Hill library at CD's death.

12. The apartments which Mr Dombey reserved for his own inhabiting, were attainable from the hall, and consisted of a sitting-room; a library, which was in fact a dressing-room, so that the smell of hot-pressed paper, vellum, morocco, and Russia leather, contended in it with the smell of divers pairs of boots and a kind of conservatory or little glass breakfast-room beyond, commanding a prospect of the trees before-mentioned, and generally speaking, of a few prowling cats. These three rooms opened upon one another. . . . , as well as in the afternoon when he came home to dinner, a bell was rung for Richards to repair to this glass chamber, and there walk to and fro with her young charge. (*Dombey and Son*, 24)
13. It was as blank a house inside as outside. When the funeral was over, Mr Dombey ordered the furniture to be covered up – perhaps to preserve it for the son with whom his plans were all associated – and the rooms to be ungarnished, saving such as he retained for himself on the ground floor. (*Dombey and Son*, 23-24)
14. And there, with an aching void in his young heart, and all outside as cold, and bare, and strange, Paul sat as if he had taken life unfurnished, and the upholsterer were never coming. (*Dombey and Son*, 147)
15. Ugh! They were black, cold rooms; and seemed to be in mourning, like the inmates of the house. The books, precisely matched as to size, and drawn up in line, like soldiers, looked in their cold, hard, slippery uniforms, as if they had but one idea among them, and that was a freezer. (*Dombey and Son*, 53)
16. The grass began to grow upon the roof, and in the crevices of the basement paving. A scaly crumbling vegetation sprouted round the window-sills. Fragments of mortar lost their hold upon the insides of the unused chimneys, and came dropping down. The two trees with the smoky trunks were blighted high up, and the withered branches domineered above the leaves. Through the whole building white had turned yellow, yellow nearly black; and since the time when the poor lady died, it had slowly

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become a dark gap in the long monotonous street.

But Florence bloomed there, like the king's fair daughter in the story. . . .

So Florence lived in her wilderness of a home, . . . . She could render him [Mr Dombey] such little tokens of her duty and service, as putting everything in order for him with her own hands, binding little nosegays for his table, changing them as one by one they withered, . . . . (*Dombey and Son*, 309-310)

17. The first is situated in the green and wooded country near Norwood. It is not a mansion; it is of no pretensions as to size; but it is beautifully arranged, and tastefully kept. The lawn, the soft, smooth slope, the flower-garden, the clumps of trees where graceful forms of ash and willow are not wanting, the conservatory, the rustic verandah with sweet-smelling creeping plants entwined about the pillars, the simple exterior of the house, the well-ordered offices, though all upon the diminutive scale proper to a mere cottage, . . . . (*Dombey and Son*, 454-455)

The second home is on the other side of London, near to where the busy great north road of bygone days is silent and almost deserted, except by wayfarers who toil along on foot. It is a poor, small house, barely and sparsely furnished, but very clean; and there is even an attempt to decorate it, shown in the homely flowers trained about the porch and in the narrow garden. . . . (*Dombey and Son*, 456)

18. The greater part of the furniture was of the powdered-head and pig-tail period: comprising a plate-warmer, always languishing and sprawling its four attenuated bow legs in somebody's way; and an obsolete harpsichord, illuminated round the maker's name with a painted garland of sweet peas. (*Dombey and Son*, 85)
19. Miss Tox, however, was not of an age or of a disposition long to abandon herself to unavailing regrets. . . .: only one slip of geranium fell a victim to imperfect nursing, before she was gardening at her green baskets again, regularly every morning; . . . . (*Dombey and Son*, 513)
20. "Dear me, dear me! To think," said Miss Tox, bursting out afresh that night, as if her heart were broken, "that Dombey and Son should be a Daughter after all!" (16章の最後につけられた註、*Dombey and Son*, 860)
21. 'And so, Dombey and Son, as I observed upon a certain sad occasion,' said Miss Tox, winding up a host of recollections, 'is indeed a daughter, Polly, after all.' (*Dombey and Son*, 811)

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22. . . . by Mr Dombey, who intimated his opinion that Nature was, no doubt, a very respectable institution.

‘What I want,’ drawled Mrs Skewton, pinching her shrivelled throat, ‘is heart.’ . . .  
‘What I want, is frankness, confidence, less conventionality, and freer play of soul. We are so dreadfully artificial.’ (*Dombey and Son*, 281)

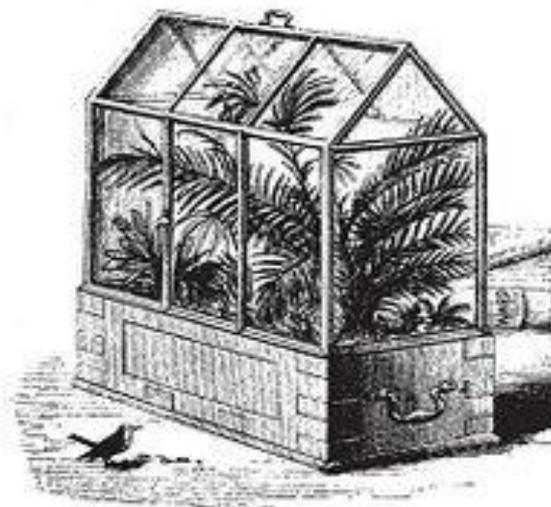
23. ‘A child!’ said Edith, looking at her, ‘when was I a child? What childhood did you ever leave to me? I was a woman – artful, designing, mercenary, laying snares for men – before I knew myself, or you, or even understand the base and wretched aim of every new display I learnt. You gave birth to a woman. . . .

‘Look at me,’ she said, ‘who have never known what it is to have an honest heart, and love. Look at me, taught to scheme and plot when children play; . . . .’ (*Dombey and Son*, 381)

24. Was Mr Dombey’s master-vice, that ruled him so inexorably, an unnatural characteristic? It might be worth while, sometimes, to inquire what Nature is, and how men work to change her, and whether, in the enforced distortions so produced, it is not natural to be unnatural. . . .

Alas! are there so few things in the world, about us, most unnatural, and yet most natural in being so? . . . .’ (*Dombey and Son*, 622)

<Wardian Case>



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